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Pages 33 to 40.

The Chicago Sunday Tribune.

PART FIVE.

NOVEMBER 8, 1891—FORTY PAGES.

MARK TWAIN AIX-LES-BAINS

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ENTIRELY Aix-les-Bains is an enchanting place. It is a strong word, but I think the facts justify it. True, there is a rabble of noblition, big and little, here all the time, and in the season, too, but as those belong quite nicely and also keep mainly to themselves, they are little or no annoyance.

And then a king makes the best advertisement there is, and the cheapest. All he costs is a reception at the station by the Mayor and the police in their Sunday uniforms, shop-front decorations along the route, fireworks in the evening, band at the hotel, fireworks in the evening, speech and fireworks evening. This is the whole expense; and in return for it he goes away and tells with the bread of his back mentaphorically steamfed over with display ads, which check to all the nations of the earth, assisted by the telegraph:

Humanitarian rented at Aix-les-Bains! Just abbreviated, leaves brand up! All diseases welcomed, and satisfaction given, or the money refunded at the door.

We have nature's noble cliffs and range undefiled and unlimited by the advertiser's

HOTEL HILL-SCALDER.

paint-brush. We use the back of a king, which is better and prosperer, and more effective, too, for the cliff stays still and few see it, but the king moves across the fields of the world, and is visible from all points like a constellation. We are out of kings this week, but one will be along soon—possibly his Satanic Majesty of Russia. There's a colossus for you!

MARK TWAIN ON HIS TRAVELS.

A mysterious and terrible form that towers up into unscalculable space and casts a shadow across the nations like a planet in eclipse. There will be but one absorbing spectacle in the world when we smash him and start him out.

This is an old valley, this of Aix, both in the history of man and the geological records of its rocks. Its little Lake of Bourget carries the human history back to the lake dwellers, furnishing seven groups of their habitations,

AT BOURGET.

and Dr. William Wakefield says in his interesting local guide-book that "the mountains round about Aumont," geologically, a vertiginous epitome of the globe." The stratified chapters of the earth's history are clearly and permanently written on the sides of the roaring bulk of the Dent du Chat, but nudity of the layers of race, religion, and government, which in turn have distributed themselves between the lake dwellers of several thousand years ago and the Republican of today, are as-defined and unlistening by accent. A million gallons a day—for how many days, I figure not, for I scorn the number. The delivery, in the aggregate, has amounted to an Atlantic. And there is still the original volume in store. By Professor Sickle's calculations, based upon the temperatures of a mile down in the earth. The calculation is based upon the temperature of the water, which is 114° to 117° Fahrenheit, the difference between that and the boiling point being suggestive at the rate of one degree for every sixty feet of descent.

Aix is handsome and handsomely situated, too, on its hill slope, with its stately prospect of mountains and lake, and its sweet valley at its feet and about it. The streets are mainly narrow, and steep, and crooked, and intersecting, and offer considerable variety on the way of names; on the corner of one of these you find the name of the Street of Sardines, on another street. None of the sidewalks are only eighteen inches wide; they are for the cats problably. There is a pleasant park, and there are spacious and beautiful grounds connected with the Villa des Fleurs, and another connected with the Villa les Fleurs. The town consists of big hotels, little hotels, and pensions. The season lasts about six months, beginning with May. When it is at its height there are thousands of visitors here, and in the course of the season, as many as 20,000 in the aggregate come and go.

There is room for all here for the baths; some once for the gambling facilities and some for the climate. It is a climate where the field strawberry flourishes through the spring, summer, and fall. It is hot in the summer, and I is supposed to be a rational enough excuse for him, and if I could have borrowed his car I should have gone with him to Monte Carlo in May and June; they get a good deal of rain then, and they like that. The Americans who daily read the French index Augure. By the light, floats that atom, his earth, which once a week-day number of pained labor to him, a week-day number of pained labor to him, a week-day number of pained labor to him,

Pages 33 to 40.

The Chicago Sunday Tribune.

PART FIVE.

DECEMBER 6, 1891—FORTY PAGES.

MARK TWAIN AT BAYREUTH

[Copyright, 1891, by the Author.]

It was at Nuremberg that we struck the legitimate atmosphere for Bayreuth. The sailing down upon Bayreuth. It had been heralded as we had seen exalts multitudes of excited and struggling people. It took a good half hour to push them and pair them into

RICHLY WAGNER IN 1868.

the train—and it was the longest train we have yet seen in Europe. Nuremberg had been steaming this sort of experience a couple of times a day for about two weeks. It gives one an impressive sense of the magnitude of this leonine pilgrimage. For a pilgrimage is what it is. The devotees come from the very ends of the earth to worship their prophet in his own Kaaba in his own Mecca.

If you are in Europe now—or in San Francisco or Chicago or anywhere else in America and you conclude by the middle of May that you would like to attend the Bayreuth opera two months and a half later you must use the onset, and get about it immediately, or you will get no seats, and you must cable for lodgings, too. Then if you are lucky you will get seats in the last row and lodgings in the fringe of the town. If you stop to write you will get nothing. There were plenty of people in Nuremberg who had written as far back as April to some on pilgrimage without first securing seats and lodgings. They had found neither at Bayreuth; they had walked Bayreuth streets astride in sorrow, then gone to Nuremberg and found neither beds nor standing room, and had walked those quaint streets all night waiting for the hotels to open and empty their guests into the trucks—and so make room for them. Many had suffered miseries of this sort in the faith. They had endured from thirty to forty hours' railroading on the Continent of Europe—with all which that implies of worry, fatigue, and financial impoverishment—and all they had got and all they were to get for it was headiness and accuracy in kicking themselves, acquired by practice in the back streets of the two towns when other people were in bed; for back they must go over that inspeakable journey with their pinions clipped by satisfies. These humiliated outcasts had the

THE BAYREUTH THEATER.

frowsy and unbreakfasted and apologetic look of two cats, and their eyes were glazed with drowsiness, their bodies were adroop from long confinement, and all had hunted joyless to United Press, seeing there if they had been to Bayreuth as invited to connect, as knowing they would be.

We reached Bayreuth about mid-afternoon of a rainy Saturday. We were of the wise, and had secured lodgings and opera seats months in advance.

I am not a musical critic, and did not come here to write essays about the operas and deliver judgment upon their morits. The little city of Bayreuth would do that much better than a seventy and a seventy intelligent. Then I, for one, would be interested to read, prose to the operas, pictures and to appreciate them and enjoy them. What I might write about the performances to put in my odd time would be offered to the public as merely a cat's view of a King, and not of esthetic value.

Next day, which was Sunday, we left for the opera-house—that is to say, the Wagner Festival Theater—at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The great building stands all by itself, grand and lovely, on high ground outside the town. We were warned that if we arrived after 4 o'clock we should be obliged to pay $120 apiece by way of fine. We noted that; and it may be remarked here that this is the

TOMB OF WAGNER AT BAYREUTH.

only opportunity Europe offers of saving money. There was a big crowd in the grounds about the building, and the ladies' dresses took the sun with fine effect. I do not mean to intimate that the ladies were in full dress, for that was not so. The dresses were plain, and the materials were inexpensive.

The interior of the building is simple—absurdly so; but there is no occasion for color and decoration, since the people all in the dark. The auditorium has the shape of a keystone, with the stage at the narrow end. The seats rise in an unbroken curve from one side of the house to the other. There are seven entrances doors on each side of the theater and two in the rear. The auditorium seats about 1,500 persons. The number of the particular door by which you are to enter the house or leave is printed on your ticket, and you can use no door but that one. This is necessary, for the building contains only so many as a hundred people are any one door. This is better than having the usual (and useless) elaborate fire-proof arrangements. It is the model theater of the world, and it ought to be. It cost a million dollars, or a watch useless de circuit. It would be entirely safe even if it were built of lumber matches.

If your seat is near the center of a row and you are compelled to get to it after the play is on, along a rank of about twenty-five ladies and gentlemen to get to it. Yet this causes no trouble, for everybody stands up until the seats are full, and the filling is accomplished in a jiffy. It is a handy way. I have seen it and you have seen it make of 1,500 bodies making a stony collar-door slant from the rear of the house down to the stage.

All the lights were turned low, so low that the orchestra could hardly see to put on their gloves. The funereal rustling of dresses and the low buzz of conversation began to die away, and presently the overture began. It was sound was left. This profound and impressingly impressive stillness continued yet during some time—the best preparation for music, spectator, or speech conceivable. I should like to see the system introduced here. It is an imported that simple and inexpensive device for securing and solidifying the attention of an audience long ago; instead of which they continue to this day to open a performance with a discordant intermingling of sounds and noises, confusion, and a scattered interest.

Finally, out of darkness and distance and mystery soft rich notes rose upon the still

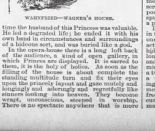
INTERIOR OF THE THEATER.

ness, and from the grave the dead magician began to weave his spells about his disciples and the world that was to be his conquered realm. There was something strangely impressive in the fancy which kept intruding itself that the composer was conscious in his grave of what was going on here, and that those divine strains which were floating out upon the air were all his musical passing through his brain, not recognized and familiar ones which had issued from it at former times.

The entire overture, long as it was, was in keeping with the solemn and lofty beginning. It was exquisite, it was delicious. But straight-

PARSIFAL AND THE FLOWER GIRLS.

ways thereafter, of course, came the singing, and then—then—to say that nothing ever made a Wagner opera absolutely perfect and satisfactory to the untutored ear to leave out the vocal parts. I wish I could see those operas done in pantomime and hear the music alone. I believe I should get the sense of the progressing notes, then they march to the other entrances and repeat. Presently they would begin to mingle and cross and turn back, and I should be able to follow the argument. But when the second call was blown; in another half minute they would have been in the house, but then a thing happened which delayed them considerably. The Emperor arrived, for which could be relied on, and waited to accomplish it. I suppose—an Imperial Princess appeared in the balcony above them. They stopped dead in their tracks, and began bowing to her. This display was kept up until she had been given to understand by signs that she must disappear or the doors would be closed upon those outsiders, so she returned to her box. This daughter-in-law of the Emperor William I. was the first lady I had seen; I was expecting there would be no end of royalty present, and I was not disappointed. There, but the kind was not the kind I had expected. I had supposed that they would be full of common human sympathies, and there are some kinds of royalty which are not. I was hurt to find that of her whenever they go there is a performance delayed to wait for the clerk of probation. The visiting Princess, the Czar and the dissatisfied Princes, are the Czars of the world. They have only common pleasures and common joys, and with curious envy I observed that one was not denied them, but enjoyed by the most ingenious canaille. In his

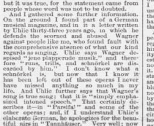


WANNFRIED—WAGNER'S HOUSE.

time the husband of this Princess was valuable, for he was a commoner. He was a man of his own head in circumstances and surroundings of a salacious sort, and was buried like a god.

In the opera-house there is a long, soft back of the audience, a kind of open gallery, in which the servants sit. There is room for them, it is the holy of holies. As soon as the filling of the house is about complete the standing multitude turn and fix their eyes upon the princely layout and gaze mutely and devouringly for minutes. They are a picturesque-looking lot there. They become great, reverential, stooped in worship. There is no spectacle anywhere that is more pathetic than this. It is worth crossing many oceans to see. It is somehow not the same gaze that people rivet upon a Victor Hugo, or a Gladstone, or a Bismarck, or a Salvini, or a guillotine of the revolution, or the great pyramid, or distant Vesuvius smoking in the sky, or any noun long celebrated to you by his genius and achievements, or thing long celebrated to you by the pens of others. It is different—in the first place it is not a gaze. The principal item are the eyes. They are not eyes that look; they are eyes that see. When we reached home we had been gone more than seven hours. Seven hours for a ticket is about as much for one as for more.

While browsing about the front yard among the flowers during the intermissions I noticed twelve or fifteen friends from different parts of the house who were strangers to me, but familiar with Wagner said that "Parsifal" seldom pleased at first, but that after one had heard it several times it was almost sure to become the favorite. It seemed impossible,



but it was true, for the statement came from people whose word was not to be doubted.

And I gathered some further information. On the ground I found part of a German newspaper containing a criticism of "Parsifal" by Theodor Hertzka, in which he defends the scornful and abused Wagner against people like me, who found fault with the comprehensive absence of what our kind call "interest" in the opera. He says that it seized "your stupefying music," and carries "your trills, and scherzini are dissolved in tears." That is all very well as far as it goes, but I know that I know it has been left out of these operas I never has missed anything so much in my life. And Uhlie further says that Wagner's "Parsifal" is not an opera, but a "religious festival speech." That certainly describes it—is "Parsifal" and some of the other operas; and I suppose Theodor Uhlie's philosophic German, he apologizes for the benefit of the Philistines who are present. I see that Wagner and I understand each other, perhaps we shall get along better, and I shall stop calling him Wagner, on the American plan, and hereafter call him Vaggner, as per Theodor Uhlie. I see that I am not alone in my views. The music we get reconciled to a person, how willing we are to throw aside little familiar troubles and renounce his name for Prince of Wales'"

Of course I came home wondering why people should come from all the world to Bayreuth to hear these operas, when we have lately had a season or two of them in New York with these same singers in the several parts. I was not able to solve it, and so resolved to think that out at all hazards.

Tuesday.—Yesterday they played the only opera which I have ever heard in an opera which I knowingly drives me mad with ignorance. It was "Tristan and Isolde," and I mistook. I heard it first when I was a youth, I heard it last in the last German season in New York. I was busy yesterday, and I did not intend to go, knowing I should have no time for the opera, but I went. Early in the days; but after 3 o'clock I found myself free, and walked out to the opera-house and attended the performance. It was a mistake. My opera ticket admitted me to the grounds, in regret, not the policeman and the chain, and I thought I would take a rest on a bench for an hour or two and wait for the next opera.

In a moment or so the first bugles blew, and the multitude began to crumble apart and melt into the theater. I will explain that this bugle call is one of the pretty features here. It is a long, slender bugle, and the first note of the musician are a good way off in the Residenz-house; the first bugle call is blown about a quarter of an hour before time for the curtain to rise. This company of buglers, in uniform, stand on the front balcony of the opera-house, and the audience is free to hear the sense of the approaching set, piercing the distances with the gracious notes, then they march to the other entrances and repeat. Presently they play a single note, and then a chord, and by that time all the seats are filled in front of the house when the second call was blown; in another half minute they would have been in the house, but then a thing happened which delayed them considerably. The Emperor arrived, for which could be relied on, and waited to accomplish it. I suppose—an Imperial Princess appeared in the balcony above them. They stopped dead in their tracks, and began bowing to her. This display was kept up until she had been given to understand by signs that she must disappear or the doors would be closed upon those outsiders, so she returned to her box. This daughter-in-law of the Emperor William I. was the first lady I had seen; I was expecting there would be no end of royalty present, and I was not disappointed. There, but the kind was not the kind I had expected. I had supposed that they would be full of common human sympathies, and there are some kinds of royalty which are not. I was hurt to find that of her whenever they go there is a performance delayed to wait for the clerk of probation. The visiting Princess, the Czar and the dissatisfied Princes, are the Czars of the world. They have only common pleasures and common joys, and with curious envy I observed that one was not denied them, but enjoyed by the most ingenious canaille. In his

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AN OPERA IN THE MASTER'S PRESENCE.

the way down and appease and satisfy the Herr. I am likewise sorry for the rest of the world. Bogus and the revolution will still have to get along without the master when enough hard, but never anything approaching the ecstasy of that first view. The interest of a Parsifal, which is a work of art, and not a mere opera, nonsense is a mixture of sense—and it does not exploit its thirst with one verse, or even a melodious chorus or two. Perhaps the essence of the thing is the value which it has for the soul, and not for the ear. It has some by luck and not been noticed, a dollar picked up in the road is more satisfactory to you than the money and wine which you had to work for, and money won at faro is more satisfactory than that which you earn wages. A Prince picks up grandeur, power, and a permanent facility and gratis supply to a rare ancestor, the wisdom of ages, and he stands always before the grieved world with the air of a person who has a special representative of luck, and that—supposed value of all this is the only high fortune on the earth which is secure. The commercial millionaire may become a beggar by the mistake and he dropped and forgotten; the illustrious General can lose a decisive battle and with the consolation of seven; but upon a Prince always a Prince; that is to say, an inherited Prince, and not a mere creature of influence—Harrison and all the rabbit train nor the speech of an ass can unduly affect. He commands respect of all the nations and all the ages, the most valuable thing in the world. He is born to it, and it is his by reversal or undeserved. It follows without doubt or question, then, that the most desirable thing in the world is to be a Prince.

I think I now believe that the scorched earth policy with which history is littered are the result of the impudacious which men have committed. To marry a usurpation—

A Prince is not to be what he is to a European, of course. We have not been taught to regard him as a god, and no one quite does it; he is likely to so nearly approve our curiosities that we shall be wanting to see him the next time. We want a fresh one. But it is not so with the European. I am quite sure of it. The old one will never; he never stales. Eighteen years ago I was in London, and I saw the Prince of Wales every day, in black, and foggy, and dismal December afternoon with which history is littered are the result of unspeakableness

Chicago Tribune (Chicago, Illinois) · Sun, Jan 3, 1892 · Page 25
Downloaded on Oct 15, 2019

Pages 25 to 32.

The Chicago Sunday Tribune.

PART FOUR.

JANUARY 3, 1892—THIRTY-TWO PAGES.

PLAYING THE COURIER

By Mark Twain

[Copyright, 1891, by the author.]

THAT would come when we must go from Aix-les-Bains to Geneva, and from thence by a series of day-long and tangled journeys to Bayreuth, in Bavaria. I should have to have a courier, of course, to take care of so embarkable a party as mine.

But I procrastinated. The time slipped along and at last I woke up one day to the fact that we were ready to move and had no courier. I then resolved upon what I felt was a foolhardy thing, but I was in the humor of it. I said I would make the first stage without help—I did not.

I brought the party from Aix to Geneva and got them and myself there. The distance was two hours and more, and there was one change of cars. There was not an accident of any kind, except leaving a valise and some other matters on the platform, a thing which can hardly be called an accident, it is so common. So I offered to conduct the party all the way to Bayreuth.

This was a blunder, though it did not seem so at the time. There was more detail than I thought there would be: 1. Two persons, whom we had left in a Genevan pension some weeks before, must be collected and brought to the hotel; 2. the baggage of the people on the Great Quest—the store trunks, the extra lots of stored trunks—must be held and carry back seven which they could find piled in the lobby; 3. I must find out what part of Europe Bayreuth was in, and buy seven railway tickets for that point; 4. I must send a telegram to my friends in the Netherlands; 5. It was now 2 in the afternoon, and we must look sharp and be ready for the first night train and make sure of sleeping-car tickets; 6. I must draw money at the bank.

It seemed to me that the sleeping-car tickets must be the most important thing, so I went to the station myself to make sure; hotel messengers are not always total people. It was a fatal mistake. I had not gone a block before I had a battle-royal to encounter to walk. It did not turn out so, because I lost my way and twisted the distance. I applied for the tickets, and they asked me which route I wanted to go by, and that embarrassed me and made me lose my head, there were so many people standing around, and I not knowing anything about the routes and not supposing there were going to be two; so I judged it best to go back and map out the road and come again.

I took a cab this time, but on my way upstart or stage, as I thought it would be well to get some while the matter was in my mind. It was only around the corner and I didn't need the cab. I asked the cabman to wait where he was. Thinking of the telegram and trying to word it in my head, I walked around the block and got back to the station unfaltering. I was going to have the hotel people send the telegram, but as I could not be far from the postoffice by this time I thought I would do it myself. But it was farther than I had supposed. I found the

"HERE WE ALL ARE, MR. MERRYMAN."

place at last and wrote the telegram and handed it in. The clerk was a severe-looking, elderly man, and he began to fire French questions at me in such a hasty form that I was not detect the joints between his words, and I could not answer. I was confused, and the Englishman stepped up and said the clerk wanted to know where he was to send the telegram. I could not tell him because it was not my telegram, and I explained that I was merely performing a service for some friends. But nothing would restore the clerk to his patience; so I said that if he was no particular I would go back and get it.

However, I thought I could go and collect the sleeping-car tickets first, for it would be best to do everything systematically and in order, and one thing at a time. But I had not remembered the cab was eating up my autometer down at the hotel yonder; so I called another one and told the man to go down and fetch it to the postoffice and wait till I came. I had a long drive, but I got the telegram off at last, and when I got there they couldn't come with me because they had heavy satchels and hot boots. I went away to find one, but before I got across my I noticed that I had left my satchel behind, and I went back. Quag—at least I thought I had—so I judged I could save time by stepping around and bringing about the trunks. I stepped around about a mile, and couldn't find the trunks. I found a cigarshop and remembered about the cigars. I said I was going to stay-ment, and I wanted enough for the journey. The man asked me which route I was going by, and that confused me, and I said I would reconsider, so as to go by Zurich and various other places which he named, and offered to sell me seven second-class through tickets for $22 minors, which would be throwing away the discount which the railroads allowed him. I was already tired of riding second-class on first-class tickets, so I took no.

By and by I found Natural & Co.'s storage house and told them to send seven of our trunks to the hotel and pile them up in the office. It was a mistake. I had to go there myself and bring the whole of the message, still it was all I could find in my head.

The hotel knew the rank and asked for some money. But I had left my letter of credit somewhere, and I could not find it now. I remembered now that I must have left it lying on the table where I wrote the telegram, so I got a cab and drove to the postoffice and went up-stairs, and they said it had been found and that it had been left on the table, but that it was now in the hands of the police authorities, and I would be necessary for me to go there and prove property. They sent a boy with me, and I found the police-office in a block or a couple of miles and found the place; and then I remembered about my cabs and asked the boy to send them to me when he got back to the postoffice. It was nightfall now, and the Mayor had gone to dinner. I thought I would go to dinner myself, but the officer on duty thought differently, and I staid. The Mayor dropped in at half-past 8, but said he was too late to do anything to-night; I must come in the morning. The floor seemed to keep me all night, and said I was a suspicious-looking person and probably did not own the letter of credit, and didn't know what a letter of credit was, but merely wanted to get a hotel bill out of it, and I said I was probably a person that would want anything he could get, whether it was valuable or not. But the Mayor said he saw nothing suspicious about me, and that I looked like a harmless person and nothing the matter with me but a wandering mind, and not much of that, and I could go home and he set me free, and I went home in my three cabs.

As I was dignified, and in no condition to answer questions with discretion, I thought I had better not. So I said nothing. I spent a long time of night, as there was a vacant room at the other end of the hall; but I did not quite sleep there, as a watch had been set, the expedition being anxious about its baggage, and I had to keep watch-ment. The exhibition and stuff and furnishing on four chairs in a row, with shawls and things all on, suddenly and noiselessly in lap. They had been sitting like that for hours, waiting for the postoffice to open in the morn. You and they were waiting—waiting for me. It seemed to me that nothing but a sudden, happy contrivol, and brilliant way out so force could break this iron front and make a diversion and set me free, and I stood my hat on my head and followed it with a skip and a run, shouting blithely:

"Ha, ha, here we all are, Mr. Merryman!"

Nothing could be deeper or stiller than the absence of applause which followed. But I knew by the unmoved countenance and bearing my confidence, poor enough before, had got a deadly check and was in effect gone.

I tried to be jeered out of a heavy heart, I tried to touch the other hearers there and get them to help me out, but I was not able to. Hearing off bright and airy fun and making of the whole ghastly thing a joyously humorous incident, but this idea was not well conceived. It was not the right atmosphere for it. I was not in the right mood. My spirits suffered from relapsed; I thawed nothing of the winter that looked out of those frosty eyes. I started one more breezy, poor effort, but the head of the expedition cut into the middle of it and said:

"Where have you been?"

I saw by the manner of this that the idea was to get down to cold business now. So I began my travels, but was cut short again.

"Have you the letter here? What's kept you out till half-past 10 at night?"

I was standing, and I had my letter of credit, and I said:

"You are locating around the bush a good deal. Please answer the question in just one straightforward word. Where are those suitcases?"

"They—well; they're in the county jail."

"Why, what in the world are they doing there?"

The situation was inscrutable. Spending three or four hours in jail did not seem to the expedition serious. Neither did it to me, at bottom.

I tried to explain the whole thing, and of course I came out then that I couldn't take the early train, because that would leave my letter of credit in back still. It did look as if we had all got to go to bed estranged and unhappy, but by good luck that was prevented. There happened to be mention of the tranks, and I was able to say I had attended to that feature.

"There, you are just as good, and thoughtful, and painstaking, and intelligent as you can be, and it's a shame to find so much fault with you. You have done everything splendidly, and I'm sorry I ever said one ungrateful word to you."

This bit deeper than some of the other things I had said, and it softened matters a little, but I was afraid it did not quite clear the ground as I wanted to. There seemed somehow to be a defect about it somewhere, though I couldn't put my finger on it, and didn't like to say I had attended to that feature. I had attended to that feature.

"Then, you are just as good, and thoughtful, and painstaking, and intelligent as you can be, and it's a shame to find so much fault with you. You have done everything splendidly, and I'm sorry I ever said one ungrateful word to you."

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Of course there was music in the morning, when it was found that we couldn't leave by the early train, because that would leave my letter of credit in back still. It did look as if we had all got to go to bed estranged and unhappy, but by good luck that was prevented. There happened to be mention of the tranks, and I was able to say I had attended to that feature.

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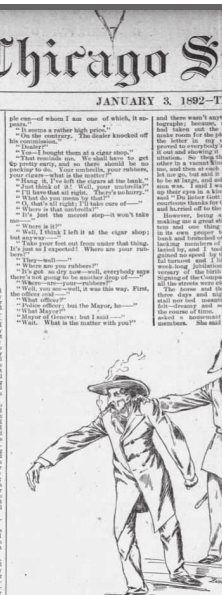

THE OFFICER ON DUTY THOUGHT DIFFERENTLY.

"Who, me? Nothing. They both tried to persuade me to stay, and—"

"Stay where?"

"Why, here, of course."

"Where have you been? What's kept you out till half-past 10 at night?"

I was standing, and I had my letter of credit, and I said:

"You are locating around the bush a good deal. Please answer the question in just one straightforward word. Where are those suitcases?"

"They—well; they're in the county jail."

"Why, what in the world are they doing there?"

"Thought." You should not try to think. One cannot think, without the proper rest. You have been in jail did not seem to the expedition serious. Neither did it to me, at bottom.

I tried to explain the whole thing, and of course I came out then that I couldn't take the early train, because that would leave my letter of credit in back still. It did look as if we had all got to go to bed estranged and unhappy, but by good luck that was prevented. There happened to be mention of the tranks, and I was able to say I had attended to that feature.

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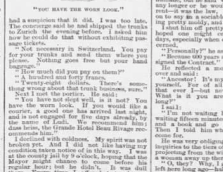
BIRTHPLACE OF MARK TWAIN.



"NOT HAVE THE WORK LOOK."

had a suspicion that it did. I was too late. The courier said he had shipped the tranks through the evening before, and that was why he could do that without exhibiting passenger tickets.

"But necessary in Switzerland. You pay for your tranks and send them where you please, and then goes free but your baggage."

"How much did you pay on them?"

"Twenty-eight and forty francs."

"Twenty-eight dollars. There's something fishy about this. Where's your receipt?"

It had met the matter, he said.

"You have not slept well, is it not? You have the brain look. If you would like a courier, a good one has arrived last night, and I can recommend him. He comes highly in the name of Lodi. He was employed by Jones heire, the Grande Hotel Beau Rivage recommendation."

I declined with coldness. My spirit was not working freely, but I felt that I was getting my condition taken notice of in this way. I looked at the county jail by 9 o'clock, hoping that the Mayor might choose to come before the regular hour; but he didn't. It was dull there, and nothing to look at, nothing to do a thing, or look at anything, or do anything, or refrain from doing anything, the policeman said it was "defensive." I thought I would practise my French on him, but he wouldn't have it. He said it was forbidden, and broke him particularly bitter he bore his own trouble.

The Mayor came at last, and then there was no trouble for the minute as had convened the Supreme Court—which they always do when they want to do anything—and the police—and got everything straightened and settled and had prayer by the chaplain, my unsealed letter was brought and opened and then wasn't anything in it but some photographs of the party, and I explained that I had taken out the letter of credit so as to make room for the photographs, and had put the letter in my other pocket, which I proved to everybody's satisfaction by fetching it out and showing it. Then I was free to go, and the officer on the court bowed at each other again, and finally let me go, but said it was important for me to be at large, as I would be wanted as a witness. I said I would consider. They lifted their hats in a kind of reverent way and said "Au revoir, Lodi!" and I said a word of courteous thanks for their apparent admiration and hurried off to the bank.

However, being a courier was already getting to be a nuisance. I had to look after two and one thing at a time and each thing in its own proper turn; so I passed by the bank and hunched off and started for the two lacking members of the expedition. A cab was there, but I did not remember that I had agreed to speed by this, but it was a reposeful turnout and I liked repose-fulness. The week-long jubilations over the 400th anniversary of the birth of Swiss liberty and the 600th anniversary of the birth of the Swiss Union all the streets were clothed in fluttering flags.

The house and the driver had been drunk three days and nights, and had known no staid nor bed meantimes. They looked as I had been drunk three days and nights and had known no rest of time. I tried to call him, and asked a newsmonger to run out the lodging members. She said something which I did not understand, and I returned to the chariot. The girl had something bold me that those people did not belong on her floor. I said I was sorry, but I thought I would go higher and sing Home Sweet by floor till I found them; for in those Swiss flats there does not seem to be any way to find the right family but to be patient and guess your way by trial and experiment. I had got fifteen minutes, then being three details in-separable from an occasion of this sort—first, get on, bats and cabs, second climb in; second, return of one to get "my other glove"; third, "Ah, pardon, so near!" and the fetch "my Fermin Verin at 4 Glaser." I would move during the fifteen minutes and take it easy.

A very still and bleak interval ensued, and then I felt a hand on my shoulder and started. The intruder was a policeman. I glanced up

and perceived that there was new scenery. There was a good deal of it viewed, and that had that pleased and interested look which such a crowd wears when they see that some-body is out of luck. The horse was asleep, and the driver was asleep, and the cab was asleep, and the whole neighborhood was asleep, stolen from the innumerable banner poles. It was a wondrous spectacle. The officer said:

"I'm sorry but we can't have you sleeping like all day."

I was wounded and said with dignity:

"I beg your pardon, I was not sleeping; I was thinking."

"Then you can think if you want to, but you've got to think by yourself; you mustn't make the whole neighborhood."

It was a poor joke, not it made the crowd laugh. I stare at night, sometimes, but it is not my habit, and I was not at my best in the day time and in such a place. The officer undemanded in and seemed sorry for our transgression, and really tried to be humane, but he said we mustn't stop there and we must move on. I said I was willing and would go, but he said he had no way to say as a socially way that I was looking pretty seedy, and he wished he knew—

I shut him off pretty austerely, and said I was one night celebrating a fiesta, two days, especially when one was personally concerned.

"Personally?" he said. "How?"

"Because 400 years ago an ancestor of mine signed the Contract."

He reflected a moment, then looked me over and said:

"Ancestor? It's no opinion you signed it yourself. For of all the old ancient aches that ever I—and I never mind about that. Good, is it you are waiting here for so long?"

I said:

"I'm not waiting here so long at all. I'm waiting fifteen minutes till they forget a glove and a book and go back and get them, and I'm waiting him who they were that I has come for."

He was very obliging, and began to shout inquiries to the faces of houses and windows projecting from the windows above us. Then he said to me, with a sigh of relief:

"O, they? Why, I got them a cab and they left here long ago—half past eight, I signed it."

It was annoying. I glanced at my watch, and it was 10 minutes to 9. I said I was in a hurry, and he said he was sorry, but he had to have my occupation."

I said I was a courier. It seemed to stun him, and before he could come to we were gone.

When I arrived in the third story of the hotel I found our quarters vacant. I was told that the party had gone to the station. I let his eyes all his trains they go shopping. The nearest it is to train time I go. I was told that I had been gone an hour, and that I had been gone to the station half an hour before. It was the first time I had known myself to be a rational man, and it was very comforting. This is one of the things that make a courier's life so difficult and uncertain.

CAN'T SLEEP ALL DAY.

Just as matters are going the smoothest his people will strike a hard interval and down go all his arrangements to wreck and ruin.

The train was to leave at 12 noon there, it was now ten minutes after 12. I could be at the station in ten minutes. I saw I had no great amount of leeway, for this was the lighting-point of the journey, and I knew by long experience that my party fastidious about getting away some time during the advertised day. My people were the only ones remaining in the waiting-room; everybody else had been gone an hour. I found them all in a row sky on three separate. They were enjoying handed with the nervousness and fret, but I comforted them and hurried them up, and we made our rush.

We got there out of luck again. The discharger was not satisfied with the tickets. He examined them cautiously, deliberately, suspiciously; then glared at me while, and after that he called another official. The two officials examined the tickets and glared at me viral. These called others, and the conversation discussed and discussed, and confiscated and carried on, until I begged that they would consider how time was flying and just pass a few remittances and let us go. Then they sent, very courteously, that there was a defect in the tickets, and that I was under arrest.

I judged I saw what the trouble was now. You see, I had bought the tickets in a cigar store, and, of course, the clerks could not see them; without doubt the thing they were up to was to get me into the station and then search me and collect duty on that stock. So I resolved to be perfectly frank; it is sometimes the best way. I said:

"Gentlemen, I will not deceive you. These are not railway tickets."

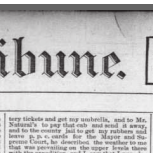
"Ah, pardon, so near! These are not railway tickets."

"O," I said, "is that the defect?"

"Ah, truly yes, monsieur. These are lottery tickets. We do not sell lottery tickets here because very poore agent."

I affected to be greatly amused; it is all one can do in such circumstances; it is all one can do, and yet there is no value in it; it deceives nobody, and you are up and away; body around you, and you are admitted to be a person who has committed a crime. I, I think, is to be full of grief and a sense of defeat and shabbiness that way, and yet have to put on an outside of arduous and gayety, while all the time you know that you are a criminal and a fraud in your own heart, and whose love and reverence you are by the custom of our civilization entitled to, are being consumed with humiliation before strangers to me you earning and getting a reputation for being a person who is not to be trusted which certifies you to be—to anything and everything which is fatal to human respect.

I said cheerily it was all right, just one of those little mistakes that will occur, and that I would explain to my friends that I had been two minutes, and we would catch the train next time, and never have anything to laugh about all through the journey. I did get the tickets at last, and stamped and completed, but then it turned out



I AFFECTED TO BE GREATLY AMUSED.

roughly ungrateful office, and the main bulk of its wages is a sore heart and a bruised spirit.

MARK TWAIN.

CHARITY BENEFITS BY A POKER GAME.

The Experience That Befell a Man Who Was Not Like George Washington.

"You are looking flustered this morning," observed the senior member of a big firm on Wabash avenue, good-naturedly commenting on the appearance of a brother merchant who had called early on business.

"Well, I feel 'flustered,'" responded the caller, and then, as if his better nature had gained the mastery in a protracted struggle with some unpleasant thing, a smile spread over his face as he continued:

"It was a mighty good one that my wife unconsciously got on me last night, and I don't mind letting you be the victim myself, seeing as how the joke's a good one. Well, you know, while down-town I had run across a couple of boys who had evening's entertainment in store for me. While one of them was trying to sell me a package of poker. It wasn't my night for poker, and on receiving reversal of the fact one of the gangs I drew out, and, sarcastically, asked if they knew any charities. While one of the train I naturally fell to balancing the evening's account, I had them in my pocket when I began playing, and now I found I had lost $40 left. 'O, I don't mind that,' I said, as I handed out $40 loser, with an eye of right against me. When I got home my wife—contrary to several long years of custom—was asleep, and my awaiting my return.

"'Why, my dear, you're home nice and early—did you meet your friend?'

"'O, yes, said I, drawing myself up and assuming a bogus air of virtue. 'Yes, I met my friend and some of his friends, too.'

"'Why, that's delightful,' she said, and then I noticed, knowing that I take a hand occasionally.

"'Yes, I did,' I replied, and then just to enter a bit to my pride, I added, 'and I won it.'

"'Won $40, did you?' said she. 'Well, if you did, I hope you count it and see if you counted straight.'

"'Of course I will,' said I, tossing her the $40 I had saved from the wreck. As she counted the bills, slowly, she said:

"'Why, John, there's a counterfeit somewhere among these bills, for there's a five and a two and a one, and you know I never have more than one of a kind in my purse, and I've observ

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Chicago Tribune (Chicago, Illinois) · Sun, Feb 7, 1892 · Page 25

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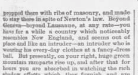
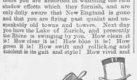
Pages 25 to 32. **The Chicago Sunday Tribune.** PART FOUR.

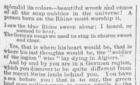
FEBRUARY 7, 1892—THIRTY-SIX PAGES.

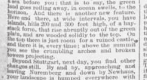
AN AUSTRIAN HEALTH FACTORY

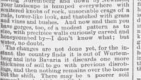
BY MARK TWAIN.

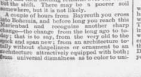


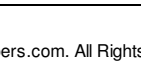


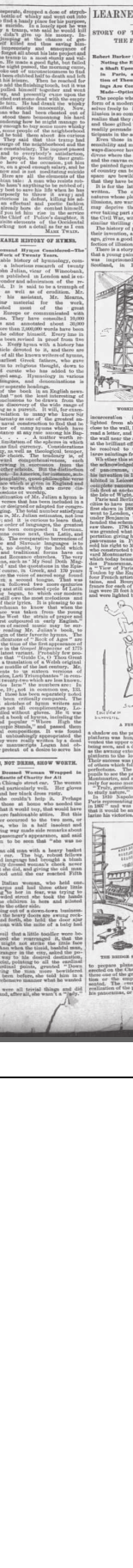












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Chicago Tribune (Chicago, Illinois) · Sun, Mar 6, 1892 · Page 33
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Pages 33 to 40.

The Chicago Sunday Tribune.

PART FIVE.

MARCH 6, 1892—FORTY PAGES.

MARK TWAIN IN THE CRADLE OF LIBERTY

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I is a good many years since I was in Switzerland last. In that remote time there was only one lahler railway in the country. That state of things is all changed. There isn't a mountain in Switzerland now that hasn't a railroad or two up its back, sometimes; indeed, some of these are latticed with them, and two years hence all of them will be. In that day the poorest of the high altitudes will have to carry a lunatic asylum.

VIEW OF THE JUNGFRAU.

when he goes visiting in the night to keep from stumbling over railroads that have been built since his last round. And also in that day, if there shall remain a high-altitude peasant whose potato patch hasn't a railroad through it, it will make him as conspicuous as William Tell.

However, there are only two best ways to travel through Switzerland; the first best is afoot, the second best is by open two-horse carriage. One can come from Lucerne to Interlaken over the Brunig by saddle-railroad

STREET SCENE IN INTERLAKEN.

in an hour or so now, but you can glide across the vast bulk of the Jungfrau, a spot-less mass of gleaming snow, into the sky-blue, in a carriage in two days, and have two hours for luncheon at noon. Two hours for luncheon, not for rest. There is no fatigue connected with the trip. One arrives fresh in spirit and in person in the evening—no fret in his heart, no grime on his face, to get in his hair, not a cinder in his eye. This is the right condition of mind and body, the

ENTRANCE TO THE CHURCH AT ALTDORF.

gift and due preparation for the solemn rest which closes the day—stepping with metaphorically uncovered head into the presence of the most impressive mountain mass that the globe can show—the Jungfrau.

The stranger's first feeling when suddenly confronted by that towering and awful spectacle wrapped in its shroud of snow is breath-taking astonishment. It is as if heaven's gates had swung open and exposed the throne.

It is peaceful here and pleasant at Interlaken. Nothing going on—at least nothing that is violent, life-giving sunshine. There are floods and floods of that. One may properly speak of it as abounding. There is a delicious suggestion of activity; the light pours down with energy, with visible enthusiasm. This is a good atmosphere to be in, mentally as well as physically. After trying the political atmosphere of the neighboring monarchies, it is healing and refreshment to the spirit to breathe the serene air of a country for 600 years, and to see a nation of people whose political interest is great and fine, superlatively great and fine, and worthy to be taught in all schools and studied by all races and peoples throughout the centuries long after the interests of any private family or any citizen, but to the last atom of the whole body of the nation and for every last fraction of all forms of belief. The fact is colossal. If one would realize how colossal it is and of what dignity and majesty, let him contrast it with the purposes and objects of the governments of Austria, Russia, Italy and the Kouns, and other lunatic asylums of that sort and size.

Last week I was loading around the Lake of the Four Cantons, and I saw Rütli and Tell's chapel, and Tell's birthplace, and his grandson, but I do not know how any piece of ground could be holier or better worth crossing and mentioning to see, since it was there that the great trinity of Switzerland stood on the mountain and took the oath by the oath which set their enslaved land and installed country forever free. And Altorf is also historically grand and worshipful, since it was there that William, surnamed Tell (which is interested, to me, "the foolish tale," to that is to say, the too daring talker), refused to salute Gessler's hat on a pole, and the prying student of history has been delighting himself beyond measure over a wonderful find which he has made—to wit, that Tell did not shoot the apple from his son's head. To be sure, many people have long suspected and prove that the question of whether Tell shot the apple or didn't was an important matter; whereas it makes no importance exactly with the question of whether Washington could throw a dollar across the Potomac. The deeds of Washington the patriot are the essential thing, the cherry-tree incident is of no consequence. To prove that Tell did shoot the apple from his son's head has been the work of many years, and many learned men, and was so stuffed with a host of a million more who preceded and followed him, but not a whit more so. But Tell was more and better than a mere marksman, more and better than a mere patriot, he was a type; he stands for three centuries in his country's history, and for the spirit of it. The spirit was their spirit—the spirit which would bow to none but God—the spirit which said this in words and confirmed it with deeds. There have always been Tells in Switzerland, and there always will be. There is not a sufficiency of them at Rütli, there were plenty of them at Morten, plenty at Grauson, there are plenty today. And the first of them all—the very first, earliest banner-bearer of Switzerland's long line of heroes—was not but a woman, Stauffacher's wife. There were looms, dim and great, through the haze of the centuries, delivering into her hospitable charmed ear that gospel of revolt which was to be spinning, in the conspiracy of Rütli, the birth of the first free government the world had ever known.

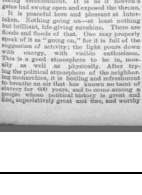
Tuesday, Sept. 16.—From this Victoria Hotel can look straight across a flat of trifling width to a lofty mountain range which has a gateway in it shaped like an inverted pyramid. Beyond this gateway started a labor union, the first one in history, and got the great bulk of them to join it. He that was the general gratitude and they wanted to make him Emperor—Emperor over them all—Emperor of Cork County, but he said no, walking delegate was good enough for him. For behold, he was modest beyond the modesty of other great men. In the days of Germany and Switzerland, where St. Fridolin is deeply revered and honored, the peasantry speak of him affectionately as the first walking delegate.

Fridolin's talk he took was into France and Germany missionarying—for missionarying was a better thing in those days than it is in ours. All you had to do was to carve the first savage's sick daughter by a "miracle"—a miracle performed by yourself, of course, to-day, for instance—and immediately that head savage was your convert; he was your convert and filled to the eyes with a new convert's enthusiasm. You could sit down and make converts all day, now. He would take an ax and convert the rest of the nation himself. Christianage was the kind of a walking delegate was.

Yes, there were great missionaries in those days, for the methods were sure and the rewards great. We have no such missionaries now, and no such methods.

But to continue the history of the first walking delegate if you are interested. I am interested myself because I have seen his relics at Seckingen, and also the very ground he walked on. He started from Poitiers—the one which was his headship in the Teutonic Court a few centuries later. To have seen these things makes me feel very near to him, almost like a member of the family. Poitiers, Tours, Marmoutier, and Seckingen he arrived at the spot on the Rhine which is now occupied by Seckingen, and proposed to establish there the people started him off. He appealed to the King of the Franks, who was then in residence at Seckingen, and got all he asked for. He built a great cloister there for women, and proceeded to teach in it and establish more land. There were two wealthy brothers in the neighborhood, Ursus and Landolph. Ursus died, and Fridolin claimed his estates. Landolph was willing, but his family were not. Fridolin had none to show. He said the bequest had been made to him by word of mouth. Landolph suggested that he produce a witness, and said it in a way which he thought would make it impossible. But the spirit was their spirit—the spirit which would bow to none but God—the spirit which said this in words and confirmed it with deeds. There have always been Tells in Switzerland, and there always will be. There is not a sufficiency of them at Rütli, there were plenty of them at Morten, plenty at Grauson, there are plenty today. And the first of them all—the very first, earliest banner-bearer of Switzerland's long line of heroes—was not but a woman, Stauffacher's wife. There were looms, dim and great, through the haze of the centuries, delivering into her hospitable charmed ear that gospel of revolt which was to be spinning, in the conspiracy of Rütli, the birth of the first free government the world had ever known.

Tuesday, Sept. 16.—From this Victoria Hotel can look straight across a flat of trifling width to a lofty mountain range which has a gateway in it shaped like an inverted pyramid. Beyond this gateway



TELL'S CHAPEL.

a particularly severe winter fell upon the country, and hundreds of them were reduced to nondescriptness and were to be seen day after day in the bitterest weather standing here and there in the snow, with their caps out for alms. Indeed, they would have been obliged to emigrate or starve, but for a fortunate idea of Prince Fridolin, who

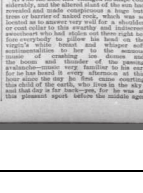
QUAINT LAWS OF EVIDENCE.

tenances, for everybody suspected that that skeleton was Ursus's. It stopped before the chief and raised the bony arm it had and began to speak while all the assembly shuddered. It said: "Landolph has murdered me, and unjustly keeps my land."

"Brother, why dost thou disturb my blessed rest and withhold by robbery the gift which I gave for the honor of God?"

The skeleton's voice was most irregular, but the verdict was actually given against Landolph on the testimony of this wandering bag of disjointed bones. In our day a skeleton would not be allowed to testify at all, and if it could get a hearing in court, its word would not naturally be trusted. Most skeletons are not to be believed on oath, and this was provably one of them. However, the incident is interesting as showing the loose and crude state of the quaint laws of evidence of that remote time—a time so remote, so far back toward the beginning of evidence out of original idiocy that the intellectual difference between it and our own day is quite vast. I am sure you are not so sight that we may say with all confidence that it didn't really exist.

Sunday.—During several afternoons I have been engaged in an interesting and maybe useful piece of work—to wit, I have been trying to make the mighty Jungfrau talk—that is, talk to the reader. I am no explorer, but on a prodigious scale, on a prodigious scale of necessity, for she couldn't do anything in a small way with her size and style. I have been trying to make her tell me how she looked when the first of her house as they grew here pulled face up there against the sky, and tell the



ON THE QUAY AT LUCERNE.

time of day to the populations lying within fifty miles of her, and to the people in the valleys under her shadow at midnight.

Until late in the afternoon they in Cork County were in shadow, 1,500 years ago. It got so that they could not raise a living, there was so much competition and wages got cut so. Some of them went out all week months at a time, with wife and little children to feed, and not a crust in the place. At last drifted by him in the valley before the Romans marched past; and before the antique and recollectless barbarians faded and hunted here and wondered who he might be, and were probably afraid of him; and before the Romans themselves had emerged from his Rome-fasted ennui, stepped down this plain, first sample of his race, a thousand centuries ago, and cast a glad eye up there, judging he had found a brother human being and consequently something to talk to, and behold there he was, and there he is still some one of the Alps liver; I, you, and he back that night the eternal sun himself was present to see that

HOLDING OUT THEIR CROWNS FOR ALMS.

first visit; a day so far back that neither tradition nor history was born yet, and a whole weary eternity must come and go before the first recorder of events, Herodotus, or the pendulous Shadow-Face was the prophecy, would arrive in the earth and begin his shabby career, and think it a big thing. O, indeed, you! when you talk about your poor human span of life, and your poor human and insignificant achievements, bear when you marry Shadow-Face of the Jungfrau is not insignificant; for it was here the world itself created the theater of future dynasties. And it is the only witness with a human face that has been present at the beginning and remains as a memorial of it.

By 4:30 p. m. the nose of the shadow is perfect and is beautiful. It is black and powerfully marked against the unspotted canvas of the sky, and is projected with incredible sharpness upon the opposite surface.

Meantime shadow No. 2 has been creeping out well to the east of the face—west of it—and at 5 o'clock has assumed a shape that has a resemblance to the human profile. Nose, mouth, chin, the great Shadow-Face has gradually changing for twenty minutes, and now, 5 o. m., is her true and quite fair portrait of Roscoe Conkling. The likeness is striking, and is recognized by all who come to look, and by word could not efficiently be trusted. Most skeletons are not to be believed on oath, and this was provably one of them. However, the incident is interesting as showing the loose and crude state of the quaint laws of evidence of that remote time—a time so remote, so far back toward the beginning of evidence out of original idiocy that the intellectual difference between it and our own day is quite vast. I am sure you are not so sight that we may say with all confidence that it didn't really exist.

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Pages 33 to 40.

The Chicago Sunday Tribune.

PART FIVE.

APRIL 3, 1892—FORTY PAGES.

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I had lost in Berlin. It has no resemblance to Berlin I had supposed it was. There was once a Berlin which I would have known from descriptions in books—the Berlin of the last century and the beginning of the present one; a dingy city in a marsh, with rough streets, muddy and lantern-lighted, dividing straight rows of ugly houses all alike, compacted into blocks as square and plain and uniform and monotonous and commonplace as so many dry-goods boxes. But that Berlin has disappeared. There may have been reasons why it should disappear. The bulk of the Berlin of today has about it no suggestion of a former period. The site it stands on has traditions and a history, but the city itself has no traditions and no history. It is a new city; the newest I have ever seen. Chicago would seem venerable beside it, for there are many old-looking districts in Chicago, but not many in Berlin. The main mass of the city looks as if it had been built last week, the rest of it has a just perceptibly graver tone, and looks as if it might be six or even eight months old.

The most feature that strikes one is the spaciousness, the roominess of the city. There is no other city has so many straight streets and with Chicago it contends the shortest distances of surface and for directness and easiness of growth. Berlin is the European Chicago. The two cities have about the same population—say a million and a half. I cannot speak with authority, for I have never been to Berlin, but it is also the most expensive.

But here the parallels fail. Only parts of Chicago are stately and beautiful, whereas all of Berlin is stately and substantial, and it is not wanting in parts not uniformly beautiful. There are fine avenues, fine boulevards, and unutterably finer than any in Berlin, I think, but what I have just said above is still true. These two fine cities would lend the world for phenomenal good health if London was out of the way. The death rate in Chicago and the death rate in Berlin is only nineteen in a thousand. Fourteen years ago the rate was a third higher.

Berlin is a surprise in a great many ways—in many ways the most surprising city I shall be to count. It seems to be the best governed city in the world, but one must admit that it has elements to be the best governed. Method and system are observable on every hand—

AT THE FLOWER MARKET.

no other city in any country whose streets are in general so wide. Berlin is not merely a city of wide streets, it is the city of wide streets. It is a wide-street city it has never had its equal in any age of the world. "Unter den Linden" is three streets in one; the Potsdamerstrasse is bordered on both sides by sidewalks which are themselves wider than some of the best-thoroughfares of the old European capitals; there seem to be no lanes or alleys;

A GROUP AROUND EACH PILLAR.

there are no short cuts; here and there, where several important streets enter into a common center, that center's circumference is of magnificent calculated to bring that word consciously into your mind again. The park system is magnificent, and to-day that it calls to that quality in a high degree.

The next feature that strikes one is the straightness of the streets. The short ones haven't so much as a waver in them; the long ones stretch out to prodigious distances and

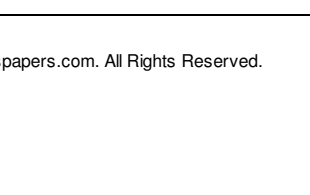
AN OFFICIAL INCIDENT OF THE STREET.

then tilt a little to the right or left, then resume, and another immense reach is made as straight as a ray of light. As a result of this arrangement, the view in all directions is an inspiring sight to see. The old of the electric light are employed with a wasteful liberality, and on, whatever one goes he has always a long stake of brilliant lights stretching away down the perspective. Berlin is a city of trees here and there a wide and splendid consolation is spread out over an intervening "plats," and between the otherwise double-rows of street lamps one has the exercise of the eye in the search for the next one, and the relief to the fire spectacle, for they contribute the rush and confusion and sparkle of an evening of dissipation.

There is one other noticeable feature, the absolutely level surface of the city. There is absolutely no recognizable rise or fall to the site that is not artificial; and one blunder of irrigation and tidier; no other city has such an air of roominess, freedom from crowding; in great things, in little things, in all details, of unnecessary size. And it is not method and system on paper, and there an end—it is methodical and systematic in fact, it is in force, it is everything and puts the rule in force; puts it in force against the poor and the powerful alike, without fear or prejudice. It deals with great matters and minute particulars with the same thoroughness, the same unsparing and painstaking diligence and persistency which compel admiration—and sometimes reluctant admiration—and sometimes reluctant. There are private taxes, and they are collected quarterly. Collected is the word; they are not merely levied, they are collected—every time. This makes light taxes, it is said, and it is true. It makes it necessary that part of the community shirk payment that taxes have to be lifted to a burdensome rate. Here the police keep coming, calmly and patiently, until you pay your tax. They charge you for the trouble they take in the matter. By experiment you will find that they will presently collect that money.

In one respect the 1,300,000 of Berlin's population are like a family. The head of the large family knows where the small members are born and where the said members are located, and when and, where they were born, and what they do for a living, and what their religious bound is. Whoever comes to Berlin to live must report himself to the police authorities immediately; moreover, if he leaves here he is going to stay he must say so. If he takes a house he will be taxed on the rent and taxed also on his income. He will not be asked what his income is, but he will be assessed for his income nonetheless. The police will estimate his income from the house rent he pays and tax him on that basis.

Duties on imported articles are collected with inquisitorial strictness. The officers of the law in all the methods are gentle, prompt, and full of the spirit of accommodation. The custom-house officers are always on hand to assist in cases where the article cannot be put, and you have only to say what you have got and they will find it. The other day a friend of mine was informed that there was a package in the post-office for him subject to duty. It was a box, with gold clasp, and a gold chain to hang a watch on. He said he had no use for the box, he was going to try to borrow the portion to chain his watch to, but acted upon his sober second



A BERLIN POSTAL-WAGON.

thought and allowed the matter to take its proper and regular course. In a little while the postman brought the package and also the several collections: Duty 50 cents; fine for smuggling, \$5; fine for not declaring, 10 cents; charge for fetching the package, 10 cents; charge for delivering the package, 10 cents; total devastating interests are exacted for the protection of German home industries.

The calm, quiet, courteous, correct method of the police is a feature of Berlin life here and there a wife and splendid consolation is spread out over an intervening "plats," and between the otherwise double-rows of street lamps one has the exercise of the eye in the search for the next one, and the relief to the fire spectacle, for they contribute the rush and confusion and sparkle of an evening of dissipation.

There is one other noticeable feature, the absolutely level surface of the city. There is absolutely no recognizable rise or fall to the site that is not artificial; and one blunder of irrigation and tidier; no other city has such an air of roominess, freedom from crowding; breakdowns. It is built of architectural Gothic. The building Commissioners issue a permit which states the kind of house that has been found that this is better than to wait till it falls down. Those people are full of wisdom.

One is not allowed to erect poor frib tatts in Berlin, and the inspection of plans for individual must have just as many cubic feet of room space, and sanitary inspections are systematic and frequent.

Everything is ordered. The fire brigade system is the best I have ever seen, and I have grave in their denunciator that they look like a Salvation Army under conviction of sin. People told me that when a fire alarm is sounded the firemen assemble calmly, answer to their names, and then march off to the fire, then proceed to the fire. There they are ranked up, military fashion, and told off in detachments by the chief, who parcels out to the detachments the several parts of the work that is to be done in the best way to subdue the fire. This is all done with low-voiced propriety, and strangers think these people are working a funeral. As a rule the fire is confined to a single floor in these great conscientious fire-proof buildings, and there is rarely more is little or no interest attaching to a fire here for the rest of the occupants of the house.

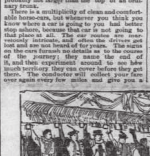
There is an abundance of newspapers in Berlin, and there was also a newsboy, but he died.

BY DAILY AND HOURLY WORK.

At intervals of half a mile on the thoroughfares there are booths, and it is at these that the papers are sold. The newsboy is not allowed to hang out his wares in any kind of a way. There are no big posters of any kind, and the display of vast type and of pictures of actors and performance framed on a big scale which is one of the features of Chicago is unknown. If the big show bills existed there would be no place to exhibit them, for there are no poster frames, and one would not be allowed to disfigure dead walls with them. Bill posting is rather forbidden here; Berlin is a rest to the eye.

And yet the sweetener can easily find out what is going on at the theaters. All over the city at short distances apart there are neat little columns, painted a dark green and as thick as a bagshead, and on these the little black and white theater bills and other notices are pasted. One generally finds a group around each pillar reading these things, and I suppose that is the way the news of the opening in America. It is time that I have particularly wished to make a note of. When Buffalo Bill was here his biggest poster was probably not larger than the top of an ordinary letter.

There is a multiplicity of clean and comfortable horse-cars, but whenever you think you know where a car is going to you had better stop ashore, because that car is not going to that place. Not at all. It is going to some remotely intimate, and often the driver does not know and has not heard of for years. The sign on the cars furnish no details as to the course of the journey; they name the end of the line, and the conductor announces the name of the next station or two before they get there. The conductor does not collect fares, he never wants every few miles and give you a



JURY LIKE CHICAGO.

thing that they have never built any new ones, but, if such a thing were done everybody that has a house in the line of the new one is to see it and that would make a crowd, and the police do not like crowds and disorder here. If there was an earthquake in Berlin the police would take charge of the earthquake, and there is no doubt way that would be done, it was a proper meeting. That is what an earthquake generally calls in, but this one would be different from those others; it would be kind of a private earthquake, and the police are paying for a regular one.

For a course (a quarter of an hour or less) one pays 20 cents in a first-class cab and 10 cents in a second class. The first class will take you to the end of the line, the second home is old—decay-old, no old no less can some authorities say—and ill-fed and weak. He has been a first-class man, but has been degraded to second class for long and faithful service.

Still, he must take you as far for 10 cents as the other horse takes you for 20. If he can't do his fifteen-minute distance in fifteen minutes he must still do the distance for 15 cents, and he does it, and does it with a spirit that causes of the most curious may I see an equainted with. It is issued by the city government, and can be bought in any shop for a trifle. In it every street is mentioned off like the squares on a checker-board. Each long road represented a colonial travel, and when you have covered fifteen of the bends you have got your sweep's worth. This map of Berlin is a gay-colored many, and it shows the pictures of the occupations of the blood.

The streets are very clean. They are kept so—not by private talk and the other way New yorkers, but by daily and hourly work by a great force of men and women. The asphalted street has been daily scraped after a rain or a light snowfall they scatter clean sand over it. This saves some of the horses from falling down. In fact this is a city governed by system, and system is the secret of success in America. It is time that I have particularly wished to make a note of. When Buffalo Bill was here his biggest poster was probably not larger than the top of an ordinary letter.

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ALL THE HOUSE RISE. MUGS IN HAND.

ticket, which he hasn't apparently kept any account of, and which you don't. Sometimes a conscience stirred by sent by and tears a corner off the ticket and pays for a ride, but it is rarely. Then he sends away and get ready to buy another. Brains are of no value when you are trying to decipher Berlin, it is a lowering test. The ideal of Brooklyn's officers was here on a small scale, and I was in the car for a long time and was in vain trying to get to a point in the center of the city. He was on board all day and spent many dollars in force, and then did not arrive at the place which he had started from. That is the most curious thing in Berlin, but it is also the most expensive.

But there are excellent features about the car system, nevertheless. The car will not stop for you to get on or off except at certain places, and these are few and far between. A sign to indicate that that's a halting station. The system saves many hours. There are twenty places inside the car; when these seats are filled no more can enter. Four or five platforms are provided for the passengers who come between the numbers—and when these standing places are all occupied the next applicant is refused. As there is no crowding and no complaints is allowed women stand on the platforms when there are seats inside, for these there are there are vacant seats inside, for these places are comfortable, there being little or no jolting. A native tells me that when the first car was put on, thirty or forty years ago, the people would not ride in it, for the reason that it had rails inside of it or outside either. They made the company keep a man at every crossing with a red flag in his hand. Nobody would travel in the car except convicts on the way to the gallows. The roads traverse in only one direction and the car had to go back

FORCED TO SEE HIS MOUTH UNCLOSE.

you see at No. 1 in a street, you haven't any idea how far it may be to No. 100; it may be only six or eight blocks, it may be a couple of miles. Frederick street is long, and is one of the principal streets, but I have never been able to get up his number behind the numbers that there were more refreshment places in that street than numbers on the houses and he won. There were 254 numbers and 257 refreshment places, so I have made it, as I have not been able to find a

But the worst feature of all this complex business is that in Berlin the numbers do not travel in any one direction; no, they travel backward and forward, in and out, everywhere, suddenly—in fact, they are not numbers at all—136, may be; the next will be 137, then you perceive by that sign that the numbers are now traveling toward you from the opposite end of the city. No. 138 is on the other side, and 139 is on your side, and you travel that street every now and then, the numbers will turn and run the other way. As a rule there is no sense under the number, to show by the direction of its flight which way the numbers are proceeding. There are a good many suicides in Berlin; I have seen six reported in one day. The favorite method is that of burned and then one morning said: "Coming going on to the coast of this state. Of those who fail in their work and murder their homes and themselves by poison they will find out what was the matter.

More than a month ago the nation began to prepare to celebrate Frederick the Great's birthday. When the birthday arrived, the middle of October, it seemed to me that the celebration had been arrived with its days before and overdone. There were illuminations of towns and during the whole of a fine day the hero of it sat and received such honors as were due to him. He was not overlooked by any man to say walk of life in all directions were continued in one form or another day after day and were presently followed by demonstrations to his wife and to his sons and achievement, Prof. Helmholtz, whose services to science have been many and nearly as big did those two extraordinary men in having been together. Two such heroes have seldom signalized a single year in human history.

But perhaps the final and closing demonstration was peculiarly grateful to them. This was a concert given in the Opera House one night by 1,500 students. It was held in the Opera House, and the floor, the boxes, and the galleries, for above everybody's head, were crowded with the—400 or 500, I judged. It was beautifully decorated with

[Permission of Photographische Gesellschaft, Berlin.]

PROF. MOMMSEN.

colored flags and various ornamental devices, and was brilliantly lighted. In the capacious floor of this place, were ranged in the instrumental performers, numbering twenty-four persons each, extending from one end of the house to the other. In the center of the space between the two, in the center on one side was a high and tasteful platform, and on the other, twenty or thirty feet away, was the table on it, behind which sat the half dozen singers. The singers were in full dress, in the conventional costumes of many different college corps. Behind these yonder a band of musicians was concealed, but on the floor of society in front of this platform were half a thousand students in the costumes of many of the outlying continental of talent by being concerned instead of left naked. Of these the central table was reserved for the two heroes of the occasion and twenty particularly eminent persons. The rest of the tables, and all the other covered tables were for the—company of a hundred was distinguished professors.

I was glad to be honored with a place at the table of the two heroes of the occasion, although I was not really honored enough to deserve it. Indeed there was a pleasant embarrassment in the thought that I was in any way associated with twenty there—as the forget more every day than I ever knew. Yet there was nothing embarrassing about it, for I came hooked men and simply once took about the table. Of course I was not expected to be a professor. It required but little art to catch the ways and attitudes of those men and imitate them, and I had no difficulty in making as much like a professor as anybody present.

We seated early, as early that evening Prof. Virchow and Helmholtz and a dozen guests of the special tables were ahead of us, and 300 or 400 students. But people were arriving all the time, and by the time the music was all but the special tables were occupied, and the great house was crammed, the scene was a most inspiring one, and I was filled with enthusiasm. It was still three hours and a half men present. It was a most animated scene, and a most delightful one. It was a time of good cheer. At each end of each of the tables stood a corps student in the uniform of his corps. These gaudy uniforms are of brilliant colored silks and velvets, with sometimes a touch of gold lace, sometimes a touch of silver lace, with a great plume would stand with the—throat—thereof—a little shallow embroidered cap on the tip of the crown like an inverted saucer; sometimes the pantaloons are of velvet, sometimes of silk, sometimes of all sorts of rich material, brilliant in color and exceedingly picturesque; for they are survivals of the vanished costumes of the noble ages, and they reproduce for us the time when the student was a man of rank, and the student who stood guard at our end of the table was of great condescension and great frame and grace of form, and he was dressed like an accurate reproduction, clothes and all, of the celebrated portrait of Ulrich von Hutten ages—a reproduction so far as the color, the animal can, goes, I mean.

As I say, the place was now crowded. The nearest side was packed with students standing on the floor, and they filled the space in front of the rest of the house from view. As for me, this fence as you could see all these wholesome young faces were turned to one direction; all these intent and worshiping eyes were fastened upon one object, and that was Prof. Virchow and Helmholtz sat. The boys seemed not to everything, unconscious of their own existence. They devoured those two intellectual giants with their eyes, they feasted upon them, they were lost in them, they were drunk with them in their faces. It seemed to me that I would rather be flooded with a glory like that—intoxicated with something, instead of mild sucking—than with a hundred bottles and a hundred kegs of beer.

There was a big mug of beer in front of each of us, and more to come when wanted. There was also a quaint pamphlet containing the words of the songs to be sung. After the feast was over, and the tables had been cleared away, in large groups, "Wenn ich einmal soll scheiden" and "Gaudeamus Igitur." I was not able to translate this to my satisfaction, but a professor helped me out. This was the song which is sung at the end of every of long-to-discover college songs. Not all students belong to corps; none join the corps except those who value fighting. The corps students fight duels with swords every week, and they are desperate duels, and they are to each a certain number of duelists for the occasion, and it is only on this battlefield that students of different corps exchange courtesies. In common life they do not drink with each other or speak. The above lies were translated into English by a student. It surely occurred to me that I had heard that song, and I had, but I had never heard it in such a place, and that there was no higher life devoted to the occasion. Whenever a line was sung twenty-four good lusty lungs taken the chorus, and we were all on our feet, and the students in the boxes leaned from their scabbards, and the whole house was singing. Then we seated to hear a solo, and when the singer turned toward the distant entrance, and we saw a—a—a—